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## HOLIDAY NOTES. (No. I.)

By MILESIAN.

It is Schumann, I think, who, amongst other excellent pieces of advice, recommends, in the notes and aphorisms printed at the outset of the "Jugend Album," that one should always make a point of ascertaining the exact note given out by various familiar objects, for the purpose of training the ear. At the risk of incurring the charge of eccentricity, I have always endeavoured to carry out this suggestion. Not only do I know that my toast-rack, for example, twangs forth a D, and my next-door neighbour's cab-whistle an F sharp, but even when visiting friends or strangers, I constantly, indeed almost unconsciously, find myself verifying, by reference to my tuning-fork or the piano, the pitch I have mentally assigned to my host's decanter, salad-bowl, or finger-glass. I should add that a tightly-strung tennis-racquet, such as one made by Tate, distinctly emits a musical note when it strikes the ball. My own, for example, which when fresh from the hand of that great *virtuoso* gave out a D, now, after several months' play, only yields a muffled C sharp. Once you fall into this habit, there is no end to the opportunities which are afforded you of testing your sense of pitch. In fact, my present absence from London is attributable, in the last resort, to this practice, as I am about to explain. I am in the habit of doing a good deal of my work in the Reading Room of the British Museum, where I am usually to be found between the hours of ten and six. Now it so happens that amongst the other constant attendants at that most admirable institution is a gentleman whose name I am not acquainted with, but whom I always call to myself Major Sixth, that being the precise interval which he trumpets forth on each several occasion on which he blows his nose; thus:—

*Allegro Guerriero.*

These sonorous blasts, delivered at intervals of about half an hour, have become in my case so inseparably associated with a day's work in the Reading Room that when on the 20th of July a whole hour passed without a single trumpet call from Major Sixth, I began to feel quite uneasy. Unfortunately, I do not know him even by sight, but only by sound, so that I could not go and see whether he was there or not. This was not a case of which it could be said *solvitur ambulando*, but rather, *audiendo*. So I had to wait with my attention half fixed upon my book, half on the alert for the familiar and inspiring phrase noted above. Two or three times I was deceived by the feeble efforts of other performers, but nothing occurred to relieve my anxious expectancy, and by half-past one, when I generally go out for lunch, I became aware, to my great annoyance, that I had read only about a dozen pages of my book, and was absolutely oblivious of what it was all about. I reasoned with myself that it was childish and absurd, but with no success. My day's work resulted in a blank, and worse than that, fearful dreams haunted me that night of a hideous monster with a nose like an elephant's trunk, studded all over with stops like an oboe which it played (out of tune) with its feet. The next morning I was so unhinged that I was unable to go to the Museum, and paid a visit to my doctor instead, who pronounced me to be suffering from acute hypochondria. I must leave town at once he said, or he would not be answerable for the consequences. This was quite enough for me. I packed my portmanteau in a panic, bought a liberal supply of the lightest fiction, stuffed my octavo edition of the score of the Choral Symphony—without which I never travel—into my bag, and left Euston by the 6.30 train for Ireland, the engine whistling a slightly-flat F as we steamed away. I have never outgrown

the pleasure I took as a child in railway journeys, and by the time I had got as far as Crewe, I had forgotten all about Major Sixth. Mr. Ruskin speaks in terms of sovereign contempt of the vulgar and prosaic character of railway travelling. By it human beings he says, are reduced to the level of packages. That may be, and yet there are some phases of that kind of locomotion, that to me are full of mystery and romance. Some of the most lovely sunrises that it has ever been my good fortune to behold I have seen from the Irish express. Once I happened to be travelling Londonwards in the beginning of a snowstorm, as yet too slight to interfere with our motion, and nothing could have been more ghostly than our noiseless flight in the grey dawn of a winter morning, past sleeping hamlets and unawakened towns, the whirr of the wheels muffled and muted by the ever-thickening carpet of silent snow. There is something strangely exhilarating, too, in the motion of an express travelling at great speed, and if you want excitement let me recommend a seat, not on a hunter, but in a Midland bogie-carriage in the Peak country. The descent at Shap Fells, too, is good, and connoisseurs of such delights will be able to name many other places where these sensations may be experienced. Another feature about railway trains is that the noise of the wheels is endlessly suggestive of varied rhythms, and, like the ticking of a clock, can be made to go to any tune you like. At the same time, I have observed from my youth up that Irish trains have a special predilection for "St. Patrick's Day," at all *tempi*, from *adagio* to *presto*, while they seldom or never approach that speed at which all the jar and vibration is blent into one continuous whirr. Another observation which I have made—and which I am sure my readers will endorse—is this, that the several great lines—Great Northern, North Western, Midland, Great Western—have each a distinct individuality of their own in the matter of oscillation and vibration. Without going into details I will merely say that the wheels of a Midland express have always seemed to me to exhibit a preference for triple time and crisper and more capering rhythms, while the motion of a North Western express at full speed has struck me as more suggestive of the giant stride of a great racehorse. After all, there is solid ground for these observed differences, inasmuch as the oscillation and noises of railway travelling depend upon a variety of conditions which differ on the different lines—the structure of the carriages and engine, the nature of the "bed" of the line, &c. The nature of the country through which the greater part of the Midland and Great Northern routes to Manchester, for example, have to traverse render it as difficult for the former to preserve as for the latter to lose the *cantabile* style of progression. I will not linger any further on this fascinating topic lest I should weary readers who do not share my enthusiasm for it. But, as a Parthian shot, I would remind all such of the stimulating effect that rapid motion seemed to exercise upon Berlioz's imagination, particularly in the composition of his most popular work, "La Damnation de Faust," which was in great part written in railway carriages, steamers, and coaches. It is pleasing for the ordinary individual to find some pet hobby confirmed by the testimony of a great man. Such confessions render genius less solitary and bring it into closer touch with the average run of humanity.

(To be continued.)

## THE LEIT-MOTIVE, ITS USE AND ABUSE.

By F. CORDER.

(Continued from page 517.)

In the *Nibelung Ring* the composer has had to wrestle with almost insuperable difficulties. The greater part of the *Rhinegold* is a mere catalogue of motives announced for future

treatment. In this Tetralogy, Wagner has carried to its utmost limits (some think beyond the bounds of prudence) the use of the Leit-motive, and the metamorphosis of themes. Any attempts at analysis—even the elaborate papers of Herr von Wolzogen—are only wearisome to read, and can give no clear idea of the matter to one who has not studied the scores, while to one who has they are unnecessary. We may point out, however, a few of the more striking transformations. The initial theme of the work



may be taken to represent the elements giving birth to the various supernatural races, with which we have shortly to do. With its rolling billows of semiquaver accompaniment it first depicts the Rhine, but later on, in scene 4, Erda the goddess of earth appears to the same theme in C minor, and when she speaks of the fiery doom which shall overtake the gods, an inversion of this motive serves to typify the *Götterdämmerung*, or Dusk of the Gods.



Again, in the opening of the last of the four dramas, the same motive only slightly altered represents the Yggdrasil, or World's ash-tree, from which Wotan's spear was cut.



Similarly the theme, a descending scale in the bass, which in the *Rhinegold* illustrates Wotan's covenant with the giants, "writ in runes on his spear," becomes, with but slight alteration, the motive of the spear itself in *The Valkyrie*, and under the same signification is yet more altered in *Siegfried*. Finally, in *Götterdämmerung*, it appears in a new form as the motive of the funeral pyre on which the gods are consumed. Two other very striking metamorphoses demand quotation: the first is the Ring motive:—



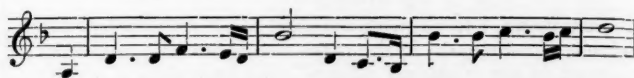
which will be seen to bear a very decided intentional resemblance to the Walhalla motive:—



thus emphasizing the fact of the opposition between these two rival powers. The other is the curse which Alberic lays on the ring:—



which is as clearly the basis of the striking theme typifying the hero Siegfried, who is to be the chief victim of the curse.



Other motives subjected to curious transformations are the "Freia," "Loki," and "Flight" motives, but space will not allow us to dwell on these. As regards the symphonic working out of the themes the earlier portions of the work are necessarily far less developed than the later. In *Götterdämmerung* the complexity of the polyphonic web is often really bewildering, yet still the master holds everywhere complete control over his multitudinous forces and expresses with perfect ease every sentiment and emotion which the drama demands.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

### "THE GOOD SHEPHERD."\*

In view of the approaching performance of this work at the Gloucester Festival, we are glad to be able to lay before our readers an account of its scope and character, in the shape of a more or less detailed analysis.

The subject is treated almost exclusively from the allegorical or spiritual point of view; there is no number in which dramatic treatment, properly so called, is used, if we except the one song allotted to the character of the Shepherd himself. The work is divided into two parts, strongly contrasting with one another: the first is called, "The sheep without a Shepherd," and the second, "The Shepherd and the sheep." In the former, the faithful are represented as "sheep scattered upon the hills"; bewailing the wickedness that surrounds them on every side, they long for the advent of One who shall protect them from their enemies, and gather them into his fold. In the second part the Shepherd is represented as suffering with his sheep, as the Head with the members; His advent is prophesied, and ultimately He proclaims Himself to His chosen flock. The description of the blessings which ensue upon his coming concludes the oratorio.

Such is the argument of the twenty-two numbers into which the composition is divided, and all of which, with a single exception to be presently noticed, are set to scriptural words. Before describing the various movements or sections, it will be well to give a list of the "characteristic themes" by which the different factors in the allegory are musically portrayed. These are six in number, and it is necessary for the full understanding of the work that they should be explained, since they play a very important part in the musical structure of the whole. They are as follows:—(1.) A solemn trumpet-call given out at first by the brass instruments in E flat minor; it is used whenever a prophetic utterance takes place, and may be named "The Proclamation." (2.) A simple, yet broad subject in D, 6-8 time, the syncopated rhythm of which will make it easily recognizable; it is taken as representing the Divine "Invitation," and when treated in powerful *tutti* passages, indicates the joyful acceptance of that invitation by the chosen people. (3.) An exquisitely smooth and melodious theme in A flat, common time, standing for the character of the Good Shepherd himself. (4.) A figure constructed on the common chord of E flat, serving generally as a figure of accompaniment, and representing "the sheep." (5.) A thoroughly pastoral subject in G, 6-8 time, of which great use is made throughout the work, and which is typical of "the Fold." (6.) A broad choral theme in E flat, used when the faithful protest against the wickedness by which they are surrounded. This last theme receives several modifications; of these the first, a diminution of the melody, stands for "the conflict"; the second, altered slightly in melodic structure, though not materially in character, from the original theme, may be called "the prayer for the light";

\* Oratorio: Cantata: *The Good Shepherd*. By W. S. Rockstro.



and the third, a reduction of the subject to its simplest elements, especially adapted for fugal treatment, is used as a musical equivalent of the final triumph of the flock.

The overture is constructed in obedience to the strict principles of classical form; it starts with a short *maestoso* movement built on theme 1, which, after a passage of musical altercation between the rhythms of this movement and of the ensuing section, yields to a regularly developed *Allegro molto moderato*, in G major, founded on the two subjects which we have numbered 5 and 2 respectively. The working-out of these two themes is extremely skilful, and throughout interesting. The first vocal number is a recitative for tenor, "I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills"; as a prophetic utterance, it is ushered in with the theme 1 that has already served for the opening of the overture, and at its conclusion the other three solo voices join the tenor, at the words, "Yet will we trust in Him." This is followed by a chorus in E flat, 3-4 time, "Righteous art Thou," the suave melody of which is not unconnected with the first form of theme 6. The *Andante molto mosso* of its movement gives place, after a time, to an *Allegro comodo*, preluded, and throughout accompanied, by brilliant arpeggios for the violins. At the close of the chorus, the original movement is resumed. After a recitative, the contralto sings an air in G, *Andante sostenuto*, to the words "Deal bountifully with Thy servant," in which the solo voice is accompanied by a viola obbligato, treated in the manner of a *moto perpetuo*; at the second part of the song, the four-part chorus is added and is treated as a *sotto voce* accompaniment until the close. No. 5 is a recitative, "Help, Lord," in which the tenor voice is accompanied, not by the orchestra, but by the other soloists, in a manner that is as new as it is effective. The chorus by which this is immediately succeeded is an elaborate *Presto agitato* in F minor, to the words, "Hold not Thy peace, O God." In its course, an effective *sostenuto* episode makes its appearance in D flat, and is repeated in F by the voices alone, to the words, "But we will remember the name of the Lord our God." This chorus is joined to the succeeding number by a harp solo, *senza tempo*, generated by, and alternating with, the sombre closing phrase of the chorus; ultimately it becomes the chief accompaniment of the next number, a duet for soprano and tenor, "Out of the depths," in A flat, *Andante con moto*. In this number, as in the case of the contralto solo, No. 4, the chorus plays an important part. It is followed by the most elaborate number of the first part, a chorus in E flat, *Allegro maestoso*, "Why boastest thou thyself in wickedness?" It sets out in the form of a chorale, with organ obbligato. Shortly afterwards a fugue is developed from the subject of the chorale, beginning *Allegro*, but gradually becoming more and more agitated, until a *Presto feroce* is reached. In the course of this fugue, such devices as diminution and inversion of the subject are freely used; at the *Presto*, the fugal subject is transferred to the orchestra, and is used as an accompaniment to the chorale, which is resumed for the close of the number and of the first part of the oratorio. The second part opens with an orchestral introduction or symphony in E flat, common time, built on the theme of "the sheep," No. 4, and leading to a very interesting and pathetic number, entitled "Complaint," and set for tenor solo, to words beginning, "How long wilt Thou forget me?" The next number presents an exceedingly interesting point of orchestration, in the form of four concertante parts, for flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, and bassoon, which are used to accompany an air of melodious character for soprano, to the words, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel." The bass recitative which immediately follows is ushered in by the theme of "the proclamation," given out, as before, by the brass instruments; it leads in turn to a bass air, "Hear the word of the Lord," at the outset of which a very original effect is produced by making the voice begin *con fuoco*, and gradually calm down to *tranquillo* for the rest of the song. It is written in so broad a style that its effectiveness is a foregone conclusion. The next number, "Fear not, little flock," is set for soprano solo and semi-chorus (female voices, representing distant voices of angels), with a prominent part for harp. The next piece, a chorale set in the German manner, with instrumental interludes between the lines, is founded on that modification of theme 6 which has been entitled "the prayer for light"; its words, the only non-scriptural portion of the libretto, run as follows:—

Before Thy throne we bend the knee,  
In lowly adoration;  
To Thee alone for help we flee,  
Lord God of our salvation.  
O grant us understanding, Lord,  
That we may live and keep Thy word.

A bass recitative, "I have sworn, saith the Lord," heralded by theme 1, is followed by a short movement of pastoral character, entitled "Ritornel," and describing "Peace in the Fold." It is founded on the fifth of the characteristic themes, which first appeared as the principal subject of the overture. The same theme is used as the groundwork of the succeeding recitative for tenor, which introduces the song of the Good Shepherd, "My sheep wandered." This is an *Allegretto tranquillo*, in which an obbligato for cor anglais, built on the "theme of the Shepherd" (No. 3), plays a prominent part. The one trace of dramatic treatment which is to be observed in the whole work, occurs here, and even this is not more than an individualization of the character of the Shepherd. The effect of even this much of dramatic treatment is done away with by the subsequent utterance of the Good Shepherd, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour," which is set, not for a single voice, but as an unaccompanied quartet. The four solo voices are again employed in the next number, in a quartet-recitative, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men," to which is added another semi-chorus of angels, to the words "Ho; every one that thirsteth." Here for the first time, the theme of the "Invitation" (No. 2), which was used as the second subject of the overture, is heard as a vocal subject. The final chorus of the work sets out with an *Andantino soave* movement in E flat, to the opening of the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd;" this is very soon succeeded by a fugue in the same key, *Allegro comodo*, to the words "O give thanks unto the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever." Its theme is the third modification of theme 6, and on it, with a well-contrasted counter subject, is built an exceedingly interesting and ingenious fugue, which culminates in a resumption of the style of the opening of the chorus, and with this *Maestoso* movement the work concludes. It should be said that the harmonic structure of the *Andantino* is identical with that of the symphony with which the second part of the oratorio begins.

Although criticism is, of course, entirely out of place before the production of the work, yet one or two points in the structure of the oratorio may be noticed in this place. It will be seen, for instance, that by means of the interconnection of the "characteristic themes" a degree of homogeneity is imparted to the composition that is all too rare in oratorio. Another peculiarity is the composer's fondness for what may be called "concerted recitatives." Out of the eight recitatives contained in the work, four only are for single voices throughout; the rest are practically *ensemble* numbers, the four solo voices being treated sometimes on an equality, and sometimes as a solo with trio accompaniment. The interest of many of the songs will be increased by the various obbligati that are employed. The choral writing presents no great difficulties to choristers of even moderate attainments, so that there seems every prospect of the composition being adequately presented to the public, in spite of the extreme brevity of the general rehearsals, a defect from which all novelties produced at the Three Choir Festivals are sure to suffer more or less.

#### DANCE MUSIC.

Mr. Erskine Allon seems to have taken to the artistic treatment of dance-rhythms in permanence. Three "Sketches in dance-rhythms" are now published by the London Music Company; the waltz, minuet, and tarantella, are the forms chosen for the pianoforte pieces so entitled. The first is very original and in one or two points it is highly effective; the second is sadly lacking in minuet character, and its subject is by no means attractive; the tarantella, however, makes up for the shortcomings of its companions, since it is thoroughly characteristic, and in the hands of a competent performer, will no doubt be extremely effective. It is not to be denied that its difficulties are somewhat formidable, particularly if the conventional acceleration of pace is to be observed; it is true that the composer has not marked such acceleration, but it is almost indispensable to the form, which,

without it, would prove very tame in effect. It is in virtue of this third piece that the group of three sketches will find favour, and increase the composer's reputation.

#### NEW SONGS.

"Between the Darkness and the Day," by R. A. Briggs (Weekes and Co.), is a simple setting of some effective words; it is easy to sing and to accompany, and its compass is conveniently small. We cannot help thinking that the rhythmic feeling of the song would be very greatly improved if the bars were placed where the half-bars are now, so that the greater accent came on the fourth syllable of each line instead of on the sixth. The difference is more important than it appears to be at first sight, and the result of the alteration would be a decided increase of effect.

"The Irish Marseillaise," patriotic (!) song by Victor Bede (Harris & Co.), is stated to be an answer to "Erin, arouse thee," two settings of which we recently reviewed. The original Marseillaise might well blush—were it possible to conceive it capable of such a demonstration of shame through its sanguinary hues—to find its name adopted for such a production as this. The music is of a thoroughly common-place kind, and its initial direction might serve to keep it from oblivion, for it is not often that one sees three languages used in the course of a sentence of four words, as here, where the direction runs, "Majestic. Tempo di Marche."

A curious experiment in the way of song-writing has been made by Mr. G. F. Cobb, whose two settings of some words beginning "All the world is bright," have been published by the London Music Company. The sub-title, "Deux airs de Ballet," explains the reason why one song is called "Polonaise" and the other "Schottische." The first, we may say at once, is a good deal the better of the two, though the character of the dance from which it takes its name is not kept up throughout, but is merged in a rhythm of nine-eight time. There is a certain lack of spontaneity about the Polonaise part of the song, but in the refrain this defect is not prominent. The second song is no more constant than the first to the chosen dance-rhythm, but changes from two-four time to six-eight at the recurrence of the refrain. In no respect, excepting the presence of some high notes at the end, can the Schottische setting be compared to the Polonaise. There are very few instances in which a double setting of words has been undertaken with any success, and this is certainly not one of them, but the Polonaise song is likely to prove acceptable, since it is written with much skill and knowledge of effect.

#### A "SATURDAY POP" IDEALIZED.

AN enthusiastic young lady, evidently one of those, who, as we surmised in a previous number, live upon music and moonlight, and prefer a good concert to a good dinner, sends us the following ideal description of a "Saturday Pop." Mr. Arthur Chappell should keep his eye upon that young lady:—

##### "A HALF-HOUR IN HEAVEN."

A dull, drizzling, December day—everybody cold, cross, and cavilling—and as we wend our way down Piccadilly, bouquets of abuse are hurled at all unoffending heads by the genus cab-catcher.

We reach our destination, which is situated in a narrow, thoroughfare, and we plunge up a steep dingy staircase, emerging finally through a tiny door that completes the discomfort of our hats. The December fog has penetrated the vast hall, and peering about we perceive various specimens of strange human beings, as it were, in a glass darkly.

We establish ourselves most uncomfortably on a shallow wooden step, nothing to lean against, and with our hindmost neighbour's mud-covered boot recovering its natural hue from contact with our coat.

In front of us is an old lady with a shawl tied over her bonnet, knitting an erst-while woollen stocking, and varying the monotony

with port wine in a medicine bottle, and cake from a paper bag with "Louise, Court milliner" printed across it.

By our side sits a girl shabbily dressed, and with a thin white face, of no particular expression—so cold, so colourless, its hopeless youth makes our heart ache.

On our other hand is an old, white haired man; a certain eagerness making his well-worn eyes nearly bright.

Now a stream of light grapples with the mist, and we see four plain, middle-aged men in black coats. They seat themselves in a semi-circle, and we who are getting cramped and crabbed, wait impatiently.

A momentary pause—then a deep, solemn chord, an aching grandeur, a despairing cry—we cannot bear this heart-searching question, and as we struggle painfully, it suddenly melts into surpassing, merry sweetness, with yet a touch of sympathetic sadness, as though it said, "No happiness is perfect." It runs a living course, and then again we grow grave and quiet as long-drawn sighs succeed our effort of forgetfulness. Infinite possibilities come to light under the pressure of those mystic chords. Joys have a new power, grief an added significance; all the life of a hundred years seems grafted on our visible existence as that melody immerses our souls and bodies. Again the theme is changed. We are relieved after that immortal strain by a light and playful measure. We are children once more—children with the light of knowledge, and a new force of imagination—we can gauge our joys, and we can bear our sorrows, because we know a living past that is clearer than an unborn future. The maestro's voice sinks into silence with a final burst of laughing triumph, and with a long, sighing awakening, we are back from Elysium.

The old lady of the port wine is removing a suspicious moisture from her cheek with that useful stocking—thinking perchance of a day when the cheek was soft and round, not as now, scraggy and red.

The shabby, indifferent girl is gone, and her place is taken by a damsel with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. She has forgotten that she is a homeless, hard-worked governess, with but one half-holiday a week. She can only remember that the world is to the young, and that "may-bes" are many, while "musts" are movable.

Our old man nods his white head approvingly as he murmurs, "So, so! I also in Arcadia"—he is wandering with the wife of long ago—in the music's trance their long severed hands are once more clasped, and the parting is a dream.

We wonder where the fog, dirt, and gloom have gone.

At the mystic touch of those four magicians yonder, they have vanished. Into the tomb of one Louis van Beethoven have they glided, there to mingle with his mouldering bones, while his living soul sheds rays of everlasting happiness on many a tired heart to-day.

### Poetry.

#### "AS TO THE BAND AT EVE WE WENT!"

(With every apology to Lord Tennyson.)

As to the band at eve we went,  
We stopped our frightened ears;  
They fell out, the fife and violin,  
got out, I know not why;  
We list to them with tears.  
O curses on their falling out  
That band that plays on piers,  
When they get out in tunes we love  
And blister all our ears!  
For when they played the "Fackeltanz"  
(A march of Meyerbeer's),  
They destroyed that little stave,—  
O how they wrecked that little stave,—  
We hissed again with jeers.



## Occasional Notes.

The Paris correspondent of a daily paper writes:—"Since 1879 the military bands perform 'The Marseillaise' wherever they are called to take part in any ceremony, but as it appears that there is no recognized version of the French national tune, bandmasters make the most of their musical abilities to arrange, transpose, and elaborately orchestrate it according to their personal taste or inspiration. Hence no two bands could perform together without a previous rehearsal in common. General Boulanger has now asked all bandmasters to forward to him their favourite transcriptions. One among these will be selected to become the official national tune. It will be published at the expense of the State."

It is surely time that something similar should be done for "God save the Queen," were it only to get rid of the hideous and vulgarized version of our glorious national anthem, which Sir Michael Costa has left as a legacy to his adopted country.

A paragraph which is going the round of the foreign papers is especially recommended to the careful perusal of English fathers and mothers, likewise maiden aunts with a comfortable sum in the three-per-cents. Thus it runs: A good father, M. le baron Franchetti, has applied to the municipality of Reggio for the theatre of that town, promising to undertake the enterprise without subvention. The municipality consented immediately, for this meant a considerable economy for Reggio. It now turns out that the sole object of the amateur impresario was to ensure the representation of an opera by his son.

The Italian papers are full of the unveiling of Bellini's statue, which took place on the 8th inst. The idea of offering such an honour to the memory of the composer, in the city where his first opera was produced just fifty-one years ago, is more than ten years old, and originated with Signor Florimo, an official of the Naples Conservatoire, whose venerable figure at the age of eighty-six was a conspicuous feature of the ceremony, which was witnessed by large crowds including the musical notabilities of Naples, and many other cities of the kingdom. The statue is the work of the Neapolitan sculptor Balzico, and stands in front of the Conservatoire in the *via Costantinopoli*.

The official speech was delivered by Signor Giovanni Anfossi, a young pupil of the Conservatoire, and contained in addition to a good deal of redundant praise of Bellini, or *il scave cigno catanese*, as the Italian papers love to call him, some excellent points, as for example the distinction that Rossini in his music "made love, but that Bellini loved."

We may mention in this connection an interesting letter with regard to the first performance in London of *Norma*, which is published in the *Corriere del Mattino*. It is dated London June 26, 1833, and the original is in the Communal library of Palermo. "*Norma*," Bellini writes, "has appeared, and I enclose a notice inserted in the *Times* of June 23, 1833. There has never been a similar success in the English theatre. Pasta is always immense. Donzelli sings very well, and the chorus not badly. My health is excellent, and I amuse myself exceedingly. London is a magnificent city, and the

first in the world; and this magnificence is equally seen in the buildings, the number of fine carriages fitted up with luxury, in the houses, and in the parties, of which there are two, three, or four every evening, each sufficient to divert the most melancholy beings on earth. If it were not so far from Italy, I would return here often, for the inhabitants are very kind and courteous. And then the women are of a beautiful, ideal type, that charms one. In a word, one leads a happy life; still, I have not felt so happy as I was during those brief months in my Sicily! I do not yet see my way to returning there soon, but I do not intend to let much time pass before seeing my native country again."

The question of transferring Liszt's remains to Hungary is on the point of reaching the "burning" stage. MM. Mihalovics and Voght, directors of the Hungarian Academy of Music, allege that he wished to be buried at Budapest, and the Princess Wittgenstein, his intimate friend for a number of years, asserts the same, and has given a subscription to the fund to be raised for the purpose in question. Madame Wagner, on the other hand, will not hear of such a desecration. She should get a young bard of the school to translate the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb into the vernacular, and protect the remains of her father by its spell.

In the meantime the admirers of the great master are taking care of his memory in a more dignified and appropriate manner. Immediately after the funeral, a meeting of the leading musicians was held, at which Hans Richter made a speech, and urged that "all the living forces of the artistic world should unite to preserve the memory of the master by perfect renderings of his own and other modern works." The Grand Duke of Weimar, Liszt's friend and protector, has sent the Intendant of his theatre to Bayreuth to confer with Herr Richter upon the best means of perpetuating Liszt's intentions. He proposes a Liszt foundation, after the manner of the Mozarteum at Salzburg. A Liszt museum is to be established in the house where he lived at Weimar, and scholarships are to be offered to promising young musicians.

The Socialists of Ghent seem to be possessed of some sense. To those of their body taking part in the great demonstration of the unemployed at Brussels, on August 18, their official organ administered the following excellent piece of advice amongst others:—"Those who cannot sing in tune or at all are requested to leave the singing of the energetic choruses which are to accompany the procession to those who can sing." If people in general would follow the example of the Ghent Socialists the world would be a much pleasanter place to live in, and in time revolutions, social and otherwise, might perhaps cease altogether.

Amongst the old books in the library of the Conservatoire, which the excellent catalogue of M. Weckerlin has recently made accessible, there is one by the Père Mersenne, a monk of the sixteenth century, which throws a curious light on the social position and the moral qualifications, or rather disqualifications, of musicians in those days. "Few honest people," the Père remarks, "take to the trade of musician; that trade is so infamous, so looked down upon, that those who know music dare not own it in the company of respectable people, without a blush." Further on we are told that "music unfortunately incites to miscellaneous love-making and other vicious courses, whence it happens that the greater part of musicians are bad characters and drunkards, besides being marvellously presumptuous, although they know nothing."





and the similar ones on a smaller scale often reported in our columns, greatly encourage the cultivation of singing, which art the Americans are not slow to learn and in which many indeed excel. At the same time that we muse over the musty glories of Heidelberg, we prepare to welcome, among the stars of the future, some result of the efforts of the sweet singers of Milwaukee.

### THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BAYREUTH, August 18.

THIS year's proceedings in the old-world Bavarian town chosen by Wagner as the *heiliger Ort* from which to regenerate dramatic music have been of especial interest. A shadow has been cast over the festival by the sudden death of Liszt, but happily for those auditors who had come from long distances the series of performances has not been interrupted, or even postponed. The first production of *Tristan und Isolde*, on the stage of the Richard Wagner theatre at Bayreuth, was an event of no small importance in the history of modern music, since it had never before been mounted with the sumptuous accessories that are the characteristic of the place, nor had the music been heard under the advantageous conditions obtained by the composer's arrangement in the matter of the relative positions of singers and orchestra. From the first performance of the work at Munich in 1865, to its production at Bayreuth in 1886 is not a very great distance if the reckoning be made by years, but the advance that it represents in music, or rather in the general appreciation of what used to be called "the music of the future," is almost incalculable. Once the musical embodiment of the Tristan legend was held to surpass all Wagner's previous performances in the matter of obscurity. An imperfect acquaintance with the original story led to the common assertion that the composer had intensified its least presentable features, and censure was heaped alike upon the music and the morals of the composition. Now, although there still exists in Germany a party whose hostility to the methods of Wagner has undergone, and is likely to undergo no diminution, the cause which the composer had at heart has triumphed, and already his position in general estimation is no longer that of a tedious experimentalist, but that of a supreme master. An important change has taken place of late years in the constitution of the audience at the Wagner Theatre. On former occasions the bulk of the hearers consisted of persons whose enthusiasm for Wagner had declared itself long before they undertook the journey to Bayreuth. They belonged for the most part to that well-meaning but very injudicious class of admirers whose intolerance of all other music, and excessive but ignorant adulation of Wagner, did more to retard the advance of the new theories and methods than all the attacks of their bitterest opponents. To-day the members of the extreme Wagnerite party—a sect whose outward appearance, costume, and manner of speech closely resemble those of the happily defunct "aesthete"—are in the minority amongst the audience; by far the greater number of hearers belong to what the Wagnerites would call the "outer world," and their admiration is none the less sincere or deeply-rooted because it is spontaneous, rational, and rationally expressed, instead of being uttered as a party-cry. This feature of the present series of performances, especially when it is taken in connection with the fact that there is a greater demand for seats than in any previous year, must be regarded as a thoroughly healthy sign.

The performances were of the highest degree of interest, both on account of the production of *Tristan und Isolde*, and

on that of the extraordinary continuance of the superlative excellence of interpretation which on former occasions distinguished the rendering of the composer's latest creation, *Parsifal*. The enthusiasm of the first singers, to whom the characters in this composition were allotted, was easy to account for, and it was considered as a certainty that its duration would be as short as its expression was intense; in spite of prophecies, however, the level of the whole work has not fallen below that attained in earlier years, although in one important particular, the impersonation of Gurnemanz, the art has lost, by Herr Scaria's death, the one perfect representative of the character. Herr Siehr, who formerly undertook the part alternately with Herr Scaria, now sustains the immensely difficult task at every performance. In the other chief characters little or no change is to be pointed out. Fräulein Malten and Frau Materna are the representatives of Kundry, and, as it is impossible to give the palm to either to the disadvantage of the other, it can only be said that no spectator who has not heard both renderings can form an adequate conception of the full meaning of the extraordinary complex character; perhaps the most complex that was ever imagined by human genius. The first of the two artists above mentioned, whose singing of the music is familiar to many London musicians, brings out in her acting the gentle and more sensitive side of Kundry. Frau Materna, on the other hand, lays less stress on the subtler points, but brings into strong relief the immensely powerful dramatic elements connected with the curse beneath which Kundry is bound down to fulfil the evil designs of one whose will is stronger than her own. The absolute ease and accuracy with which the singer delivers the most difficult passages in the work are worthy of all praise. The exponents of the hero's character have this year been three in number, Herr Vogl having assumed the part for the first time. If we are to compare his interpretation with those of Herren Gudehus and Winkelmann, whose rendering need not be discussed here in detail, it may be said that he gives far greater *vraisemblance* than they do to the opening scene, in which his absolute ignorance is first declared; his extraordinary vivacity and humour give to the part a lightness of youth that was never before brought out. His exquisite singing of the whole is to be remarked; perhaps he is best throughout the second act, whether engaged in playful altercation with the flower-maidens or in the great duet with Kundry. In the third act his lack of the heroic inches took off from the dignity with which others have invested this scene, but his intense earnestness amply compensated for this. Another new assumption has to be recorded, namely, Herr Gura's impersonation of Amfortas. It would seem, for some inexplicable reason, to be absolutely impossible to find a representative of the wounded king who can sing in tune. Herr Reichmann's acting of the part makes up in some measure for the terrible defect in his intonation, but Herr Gura, while no better from the musical point of view, is far behind the other in dramatic power. The male chorus is certainly better than it was two years ago, but the female chorus, both in the music of the Grail scenes and in the immensely difficult "*Blumenmädchen*" scene, was scarcely so good as formerly. One innovation we must mention with sincere regret, since its introduction contravenes not only the canons of good taste, but the whole tendency of the composer's theories. The final tableau is the most solemn and impressive moment of the whole drama, but that is no reason why the curtains should be drawn back after they have been closed upon it, and the perpetration of such a piece of barbarism, in the very centre of the most perfect development of dramatic music, must be protested against on every account. To those whose religious emotions have been kindled by the devotional earnestness displayed by all the actors, and by the exquisitely

sacred character of the drama, such a proceeding as this cannot but seem profane, while all who have the highest interest of music at heart must feel that this most annoying form of the encore nuisance should at least be kept out of Bayreuth.

As to the rendering of *Tristan und Isolde*, it can only be said that the master's ideals were this year fulfilled for the first time. The mounting and accessories of the drama were on the same scale of perfection as those of *Parsifal*; the scenic arrangements were miracles of the scene painters' skill, and though the dresses of the ladies might have been slightly improved—Brangäne in a tightly-fitting jacket of grey plush was scarcely satisfactory—yet all the surroundings were so beautiful that small blemishes must be forgiven. The effect of the orchestral introduction as it soared up from invisible depths was extraordinary, and throughout it was evident that the instrumental part is really an accompaniment to the voices, not their rival. The representatives of Tristan were Herren Vogl and Gudehus. The former has long been considered as the ideal exponent of the part, and the latter has on two occasions performed it in London, so that detailed criticism of either is not necessary. Frau Sucher was one of the Isolde; it will be remembered that she also sang the part on the occasion of the first performance in London, but since then her voice has increased in sweetness, while its power remains undiminished and her acting has gained the maturity and finish which were then wanting. Fräulein Malten, the other Isolde, was thoroughly satisfactory throughout, and in certain passages, as in the closing scene, her impersonation could scarcely have been improved. Neither of the ladies can be said to surpass, though Frau Sucher may be held to equal Fräulein Lilli Lehmann, whose singing and acting of Isolde delighted the London public two years ago. Nor can either of the Brangänes equal Fraulein Brandt, who sang in London with Frau Sucher; but Frau Staudigl is extremely good. Herr Gura's King Mark is as before splendid, and the Kurwenal of Herr Scheidemantel is inexpressibly touching.

Herren Levi, Seidl, and Mottl were the conductors.

## "Musical World" Stories.

### THE WEDDING MARCH.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

(Translated by Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.)

(Continued from page 523.)

Her courage had not been very great before; it now sank to zero. Her father seated himself on the high settee, thus quite near the farthest window, which looked out upon the village. The mother had also seated herself thereupon, but nearer the kitchen. Mildrid sat down on the long bench before the table. There Hans could see her, and he could look straight into her father's face, but could hardly catch a glimpse of the mother. Just as Mildrid had done, Randi asked how matters were on the mountain, and she received the same replies, only more in detail, for her questions were more exact. Although an effort was plainly visible on both sides to prolong the conversation, the subject was soon exhausted.

In the silence which now reigned, both her parents looked scrutinizingly at Mildrid. She became uneasy under their gaze, and asked what was going on in the valley.

This theme was also prolonged to its extremest limits, but was eventually worn threadbare.

Then came silence once more, and the same expectant glances at the daughter who, having overdrawn her capital of questions, sat there nervously rubbing the bench with her hand.

"Have you been to your grandmother?" asked Randi.

No, she had not.

This was as good as an acknowledgment that she had a distinct object in seeking them, and this object could no longer be withheld. "There is something which I am obliged to tell you," she began at last, with lowered eyes, and quickly changing colour.

The parents looked anxiously at each other.

Mildred raised her face, with its great imploring eyes.

"What is it, my child?" asked the mother, with trembling eagerness.

"I am betrothed," said Mildrid, hiding her head, and bursting into tears.

A more prostrating and unexpected blow could not have fallen upon them.

The steady, gentle Mildrid, for whose thoughtful and obedient devotion they had so often thanked God, had, without their advice, yes, even without their knowledge, taken the most important step of her life—that step which had impressed its stamp so fatally and indelibly on their own past and future.

Mildrid instinctively divined their every thought, and her tears were checked by fear.

"To whom, then, my child?"

After an instant's silence came the whispered reply:

"To Hans Haugen."

For twenty years no reference to the name of Haugen had been heard in that room.

From the parents' point of view nothing but misfortune had come to the farm through the Haugen race.

Once more Mildrid seemed to divine their thoughts. She sat there immovable—awaiting her sentence.

At last her father spoke anew in the same mild voice:

"We do not know this man, neither I, nor your mother. And we were not aware that you knew him."

"No, I did not know him," said Mildrid.

Her father and mother looked at each other with wondering eyes.

"How did it happen then?"

And it was the mother who asked this question.

"I do not know myself," replied Mildrid.

"But, dear child, one must have some little control over oneself."

Mildrid did not answer.

"We thought," added her father gently, "we could entirely trust you."

Mildrid still remained silent.

"But how did it happen?" repeated her mother with more energy. "You must know that."

"No, I do not know. I only know that I could not help it. Indeed, indeed I could not."

She clung to her bench with both hands in a frenzy of earnestness.

"God preserve and hold you, child! What on earth has come over you?"

Still Mildrid made no reply.

Then the father threw oil on the impatience of the mother, and said quietly and kindly:

"Why did you not confide in one of us, my child?"

And then the mother fell into his milder tone, and said gently:

"You know how much we think of you children; we, who have led such a solitary life—and most of all of you, Mildrid, for you have been more than the others to us."

Mildrid clung faster than ever to her bench.

"Yes, we could never have believed that you would desert us like this."

It was her father who said this. His voice was mild, but the words did not wound the less.

"I will not desert you," she stammered.

"You must not speak so," he replied in a more severe tone, "for you have already deserted us."

Mildrid felt that, in a manner, this was true—and yet it was not true. But she could not disentangle the knot.

The mother said:

"What use has it been to us that we have brought up our children lovingly, and God-fearingly. . . . At the first temptation—"

She would not continue for her daughter's sake. But Mildrid had reached the limit of her endurance.

"I will not desert you—I do not wish to grieve you—but I could not help it, indeed I could not help it!"



She threw herself down on the table, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.

Neither mother nor father had the heart to add to her evident grief and repentance by more reproachful words. There was a profound silence. This would probably have lasted a long time, but Hans Haugen, from his post of observation, felt that the moment had arrived to come to Mildrid's assistance.

With the trained eyes of a hunter he had seen that she had thrown herself despairingly down on the table, and he sprang up.

His light step was soon heard in the entry. He knocked, but no one said, "Come in!" Mildrid half rose, blushing through her tears. The door opened, Hans stood under the threshold pale but collected, with his rifle and his dog; he turned round and closed the door, while the dog advanced, wagging his tail, to Mildrid. Hans was too much engrossed by his own emotion to notice that the dog had entered with him.

"Good day!" he said.

Mildrid sank back on her bench with a long, deep breath, and looked at him with a face from which the clouds had lifted. Her fears, her pangs of conscience—all had disappeared. She was in the right, yes, *she was in the right*, let happen what God willed!

Nobody answered his greeting; no one asked him to come farther into the room.

"I am Hans Haugen," he said softly, placing his rifle on the floor.

After the parents had exchanged several significant glances, he continued, but with a palpable effort:

"I have followed Mildrid here. If she has done wrong it is I who am to blame."

Somebody had to say something.

Randi looked at Endrid, who said at last that this had happened without their knowledge, and that Mildrid could give them no explanation as to how it had come about.

But Hans replied that neither could he.

"I am not a boy any more," he said, "for I am eight-and-twenty years old, and yet it has fallen out so that I, who have never cared for anyone, could think of nothing else in the world but her, from the first moment I saw her. If she had said no—well, I am not sure, but I don't think I should have been good for much any more."

The simple, straightforward manner in which he spoke made a good impression.

Mildrid trembled, but she felt that things were beginning to wear a different aspect.

Hans's cap was still on his head, for it was not the custom in this neighbourhood for a stranger to take off his cap when he came in. But now, he could not help taking it off, and hanging it on the top of his rifle, folded his hands over it. There was something in the young man's personality which demanded politeness as a right.

"Mildrid is so young," said the mother, "that none of us had imagined she had even thought of such things."

"Very likely, but I am a good deal older," he replied, "and my house is not large; it will not require much looking after, besides, there will be plenty of help for her."

The parents looked at each other, then at Mildrid, and lastly at him.

"She is to go home with you, then?" asked the father mistrustfully, almost with a shade of contempt in his tone.

"Yes," answered Hans, "for I am not a suitor for the farm."

He flushed vividly, as did Mildrid.

If the farm had sunk into the earth the parents could not have been more astonished than to hear it treated with contempt.

Mildrid's silence was a proof that she was also of the same mind.

Moreover, this decision of the young people practically deprived them of the power to decide. They felt thoroughly humiliated.

"And yet you said you would not leave us," said the mother, with a quiet reproach which hit the mark.

But Hans came valiantly to the rescue.

"Leave you? Every child that marries must leave its parents."

He smiled as he added:

"The journey is not a long one, it is not much more than three-quarters-of-a-mile to Haugen.\*"

\* Three miles, English.

But at such a crisis as the present, words are of but little importance.

Thoughts follow their own bent, almost without reference to what may or may not be said. The parents felt themselves deserted; yes, almost betrayed by the decision of the young people. That Mildrid could live comfortably enough at Haugen they knew very well.

Travellers had brought the place into notice. It had even been spoken of in the papers, but Haugen still remained Haugen, and that Mildrid, their favourite child, should once more fuse the race of Tingvold with that of Haugen was past endurance.

Others under similar circumstances might have become enraged, and have blustered.

These two preferred to rid themselves quietly of so unwelcome an incubus. They exchanged a glance of mutual comprehension, and the father said mildly:

"This is too much at once. We cannot make any reply at present."

"No," said the mother, "such a piece of news was absolutely unexpected, as was also the way it was brought to us."

Hans hesitated an instant before he replied:

"It is quite true that Mildrid should have first consulted her parents. But neither of us knew anything about it until it was too late. It happened so, and then we could do nothing more than both come here at once, and that we have done. You must not be too hard upon us."

After this explanation there was really no more ground for fault-finding, and his quiet manner convinced them of the truth of what he said.

The father had instinctively felt that he was no match for him, and as he had but little self-confidence, this was yet another reason for wishing to postpone the discussion.

"We do not know you," he said, and looked at his wife. "We must have time to consider."

"Yes, that will undoubtedly be the best," acquiesced Randi, "for we must know the man to whom we give our own child."

Mildrid but too keenly felt the offence which lay in these words.

She looked imploringly at Hans.

"That is true," he returned, and began to turn his rifle round and round under his hand, "although I hardly believe there are many so well known in the valley as myself. But, perhaps someone has been saying something against me behind my back."

He looked up at them.

Mildrid felt embarrassed on her parents' account.

They even feared themselves that they had raised a feeling of distrust, and this they did not wish to do.

"No, we have heard nothing against you," they both said at once, while the mother hastened to add that the reason of their knowing so little about him was their having so seldom troubled themselves about the Haugens.

She did not mean this in the least aggressively; and it was only after the words had passed her lips that she recognized that she had not expressed herself happily, and also saw by her husband's and Mildrid's manner that they were of the same opinion.

The reply was a little slow in coming.

"If the family at Tingvold has not troubled itself about the Haugen folks, we are not answerable for that, for we have been poor people until the last few years."

In these last few words lay a reproach which all three felt, and deeply felt, was only too well-founded.

Until now it had never occurred to either wife or husband-absorbingly immersed in their own grief, that here was a duty which they had palpably neglected. Never had they realized the crass injustice suffered by their poor relations at Haugen for the misfortune which had in no way been their fault.

They looked at each other shamefacedly, and with evident embarrassment.

Hans had spoken with complete self-control, although Randi's answer might well have irritated him.

Both felt that an honest man stood before them, and that, on every side, reparation must be made.

So it happened that the father said:

"Give us a little time for consideration. Can you stay here and have dinner with us? We can then further discuss the matter."

"Come nearer and sit down," added the mother, and they both stood up.

Hans placed his rifle, still covered with his cap, in a corner, and went over to the bench where Mildrid sat. She rose at once, she could not herself have said why. Then the mother said she must go back to the kitchen, and left the room. The father seemed on the point of following her, but Mildrid was determined not to be left alone with Hans while the parents withheld their consent. So she left the room by the opposite door, and in a few minutes they saw her cross the court in the direction of her grandmother's rooms. Of course her father could not leave Hans alone, so he turned back and sat down.

The two men spoke together on outside and indifferent subjects; first of hunting, and the internal arrangements of the summer-huts high up in the mountains, the earnings, etc., etc. Then they came to Haugen, and its foreign visitors, and the general management of the concern, and the father somehow gathered the impression that things went gaily and prosperously at Haugen.

The mother came in from the kitchen now and then, in the midst of her preparations for the dinner, and it was plainly to be seen that the old people were fast losing their aversion to, and were gradually gaining more and more confidence in their guest, for their questions came nearer and nearer to the point.

Hans's irreproachable manner at the dinner-table was especially remarked. He sat near the wall, the mother and Mildrid opposite. The father sat at the head of the table, on the high seat.

The servants had already eaten in the kitchen, where the family was also, as a rule, in the habit of dining with them. But to-day they did not want to show Hans to the people.

When they were sitting at the table Mildrid was conscious that her mother looked at her when Hans smiled. He had an earnest face, which, in smiling, was very winning.

The mother received this and other impressions, which, added all together, undeniably prepossessed her in his favour.

But the sense of constraint and tension was too great for Mildrid to feel at ease, and she would gladly have left. Dinner was hardly over when she returned to her grandmother.

The men walked round the farm, but tacitly avoided the proximity of the labourers, as well as those spots where they could have been seen by the grandmother.

Then they returned to the parlour.

And now the mother had also finished her duties in the kitchen and could come and sit with them.

The conversation became by degrees more and more personal, and confidential, and after some considerable time, but not before dusk fell, the mother took courage and begged Hans to tell them what had really happened between himself and Mildrid. She had given them no particulars whatever.

Womanly curiosity may perhaps have primarily prompted Randi to ask, but the question was most welcome to Hans.

He did not speak of their first meeting—he could not bring himself to do so—but with loving, lingering touches he told of the previous day, of Beret, who had stormed up to the mountain to fetch him, because Mildrid was tortured by such bitter pangs of conscience with regard to her parents. And then, when he came to Mildrid herself, and told of her flight into the valley, interrupted by her exhaustion of mind and body, and her long sleep, unhappy and alone, then it seemed to the old people as if they once more recognized their child, and they felt, the mother especially, that they had been somewhat hard with her.

And while the young man was speaking of Mildrid, he was also unconsciously telling of himself.

Out of his every word spoke his love for Mildrid, and this much rejoiced her parents. He became conscious of this at last, and was himself of good cheer; and the two old people, to whom such hearty frankness and so much manly power were a new experience, felt thoroughly happy.

This feeling increased so rapidly, that the mother could not help saying with a smile:

"It almost seems to me that you two are quite ready with the preparations for the wedding, before even asking one of us."

The father laughed, too, as if he did not want to be left out in the cold, and Hans made a suitable answer for such an occasion. And then he softly sang a line of the "Wedding March":

"Play away, play away, you and I, make no delay."

And then he, too, laughed, but possessed sufficient modesty to at once turn the conversation.

After a few seconds, he glanced accidentally at Randi, and saw that she was ashen-white.

Hans felt at once that he had made some blunder in awakening old memories in connection with the "Wedding March," and that it was especially unlucky at the present moment.

Endrid looked nervously at his wife, whose perturbation increased so painfully, that she was no longer able to remain in the room. She rose suddenly and went out.

"I must have done something very stupid," said Hans, much shocked.

Endrid did not reply.

Quite unhappy, Hans rose to follow her and beg her pardon, but again seated himself, assuring Endrid that he had not intended the least offence.

"Oh, you could not imagine such a thing," replied Endrid.

"Can you not follow her, and make it all right again?" asked Hans.

He had acquired such confidence in the man that he felt no hesitation in making such a request.

But Endrid replied:

"No, one must leave her alone to fight it out with herself. I know her of old."

Hans, who had felt himself so nearly approaching the goal of his wishes, was suddenly plunged into an abyss of disappointment and despair, and found it impossible to recover his cheerfulness, however hard Endrid tried to ignore the whole affair.

The dog was a help to him, for he came up, and Endrid was insatiable in questions with reference to him, and then entered into a long history of a dog which he had had himself, and of whom he had become very fond, as was so often the case with people who lived much alone.

But Randi had gone out in front of the house, and sat down on the stone steps. The daughter's intentions naturally increased her painful associations with the "Wedding March," and once more recalled them in all their old, bitter poignancy. She had not, like her daughter, given herself to the man she had loved. Her humiliation on the way to the church had been a just retribution. She had not sat at her lover's side with true, genuine love.

(To be continued.)

## MUSIC IN HAWAII NEI.

BY A. MARQUES.

(From the "Hawaiian Almanack and Annual.")

(Continued from page 525.)

### II.

Thus much I can say of the ancient Hawaiian music. Coming to the more modern state of art, I think it cannot be denied that the actual taste and faculties of the natives for music are due to the influence of the religious singing introduced by Missionaries. I have been told that the first attempt of new converts to join in the singing of the religious services, was quite ludicrous: it took them some time to overcome their chanting routine, and in fact even at the present day reminiscences of Hawaiian chanting can often be heard, especially in the Catholic services, and whenever several vowels come together. However, it appears that after very slight exertions, two parts were obtained very satisfactory, soprano and bass. The other two parts took much more time and trial, but, be it said to the credit of the natural vocal and imitative powers of the Hawaiians, four-part singing was obtained in a time remarkably short for barbarians.

After becoming acquainted with European hymn singing, the most musically disposed natives began to think for themselves, and simple airs, at first very short and hardly distinguishable from the old chanting, were invented and applied to meles, or Hawaiian verses. Then gradually the composition power grew bolder, till the real native modern songs—with which most people here are now familiar—were



brought forth, many of which have been composed by members of the present Royal family.\*

It is not therefore astonishing that the native melodies, though simple, graceful and effective, lack decided originality; more or less, they always remind one of some quaint old English ballad, and for my part, I really enjoy a true Hawaiian mele nicely chanted, better than I do one of the later Hawaiian compositions. Furthermore, whatever has been the native progress in music—and it has certainly been very noticeable in the last twenty years—and though many Hawaiian men and women have very fine voices, which they use to very good effect (for I never have heard a native sing false, out of tune or of pitch), yet they do not seem to assimilate readily all kinds of European music. A proof of this, I believe, can be found not only in the fact that all native compositions are of the same style, but that in spite of the diversified and fine music so beautifully played by the Royal Hawaiian Band, it is very rare to hear any of the tunes played by it become really popular; it is very rare to hear a tune caught up and whistled about by natives, as is instantly done by all European or American "gamins." I think the first strain of *Pinafore's* opening chorus was one of the notable exceptions, and this may perhaps be accounted for by the simple harmony of that piece, which reposes on the two fundamental chords familiar to natives.

However, at the present time, the Hawaiians certainly have a very marked natural disposition for singing simple melodies, to which they readily add harmonious accompaniments; they get up, improvise as it were, some very nice quartets of male voices, either the two highest parts being sung in head voices or falsetto, to one bass and one tenor, or the three male voices accompanying one male soprano or falsetto. They seem to take their predilection for head tones from the Chinese, who thus sing all their airs, and consider as atrociously "barbarian" the use we make of chest tones, whether by tenors, baritones or basses. The Hawaiian part-singers display their natural taste in their accompaniments which are agreeable and satisfactory, in fact quite complete, though simple; but where their natural skill especially appears, is in the feature of the tenor part, which is considered by all our composers, as the most ticklish. At any rate, if not absolutely and theoretically correct, or if devoid of learned modulations, their harmony sounds well, and the *ensemble* of their four-part songs is always very pleasing.

The Tahitians have always had a wonderful natural talent for improvising songs, words and four-part music, and the French have cleverly and wisely fostered that taste by having on all public holidays and festivals, special "concours," with handsome prizes for the best *himenes*—this word being the Tahitian for chorus singing, evidently from the hymns sung by their first Christian missionaries. I have been unable to learn if the faculty of composing four-part *himenes* was natural, inherent with the Tahitians, or whether they have simply adapted their own musical native genius to clever imitations of their civilizers' hymns. One thing, however, I know, and that is that their compositions have a character of their own, though somewhat similar to the Hawaiian compositions, and many Tahitian songs are easily learned and sung by Hawaiians. But I can nearly always tell from the start a Tahitian song from an Hawaiian composition, the former being always sparkling and lively, whilst there always seems to be, in the Hawaiian effusion, a certain languor and melancholy.

Hawaiians do not seem to take much, nor readily, to our instruments; either piano, or wind and string. But they are exceptionally fond of the guitar, and they play it as a solo instrument, with a tenderness, a softness which speaks well for the delicacy of their feelings. They also extensively use the guitar to accompany their modern meles and even their hulas: of late they have taken to the banjo and to that hideous small Portuguese instrument now called "taro patch fiddle." I suppose there are few native houses, in which a guitar of some kind cannot be found. They learn quickly to play on it, but generally limit themselves to six or eight chords or keys, and I believe they commonly adapt their melodies specially to an accom-

paniment in C major, in which they give important scope and display to the bass. Though not using much of the formerly unknown scale in upper voice parts, yet they seem to enjoy it to its full extent in the accompaniments. Thus, taking any of their simple melodies, and starting the guitar on the chord of C, after a bar or two, they run up the basses alone on C, D, E, F, and strike a few chords on that subdominant (or fourth, sixth, eighth); then run the scale back F, E, D, C, on which last they take a few chords of tonic, then the scale runs down C, B, A, G, this last bringing the dominant with its seventh, after which the bass returns in scale G, A, B, to the final tonic chord of C.

I would not like to be positive in the assertion, but I think that most of the native modern musical inspirations are in major keys, notwithstanding their tendency to melancholy, which make their music differ from the Chinese, in which one easily hears discernable minors, quite "flegible" as the Italians would say.

I suppose the next thing in the order of this study, would be to try to follow the historical growth of concerted music in this country, had not my notes already exceeded the space they ought to occupy. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the first attempt to form a brass band amongst Hawaiians was about 1855, when a Mr. Merseburgh started an organization which did not live long; after this, W. H. Bond organized a kind of band about 1869, but composed mostly of foreigners: it is said to have lasted off and on till about 1871, when the first regular Royal Hawaiian Band was organized under the leadership of the clever artist, C. B. Northcott, who stayed only about a year: he was succeeded by a Frank Medina who happened to pass here with Brook's Minstrels, but got heavily in debt and cleverly absconded on the "Nebraska," disguised as a negro. Then Mr. H. Berger being sent for by this Government, came with special permission from the German Government, and has ever since been in charge, except during a temporary absence; but it can be said in due justice to Mr. H. Berger that no other leader ever so well and thoroughly succeeded with native players as he had done. It is probable that part of Mr. Berger's success is due to his faculty of drawing from the Reformatory School band which is also under his tuition. Since the formation of Mr. Berger's bands, there have been quite a number of Hawaiians capable of playing wind instruments, and at present several of the boys of the Royal Hawaiian Band form a very creditable string orchestra for dance music.

With other than natives there does not seem to be any place in the world where music is more considered than in the Hawaiian Islands, or at least where so many pianos are to be found in proportion to the number of the population. But apart from piano playing, very little attention indeed is devoted in this community to instrumental music, and a small organization created by the writer, composed at one time of 14 pieces, under the name of "Symphony Club," has been the only attempt at orchestral symphonic music; and for the time it lasted, between 1881 and 1884, it seemed to give great satisfaction to the public, and really did very well, considering the material which constituted it. It is a pity that an unfortunate split occurred, since which the separated members have been unable to doing anything at all in that musical line. Of the other musical organizations, church choirs, native and foreign, and of different singing associations such as the Amateur Musical Society, Mr. Berger wrote in last year's Annual, so I have nothing more to add here. But it may be fair to state now that our Portuguese element, who are very musical and have already had a band in Hilo, are preparing to organize a brass band of their own in Honolulu, and their success would furnish us a new element of enjoyment.

As for our technical resources, Honolulu is favoured with quite a number of very distinguished music teachers, and of course music is taught in all the schools, but as a rule the musical course is a mere sham, except at Punahou College, where excellent instruction has been given for years, in piano and singing only, by Mrs. Hanford, and at Saint Louis College. This latter college will, in a very short time, furnish the community with a number of well-trained and efficient players—natives and foreigners—on both string and wind instruments, for which we shall have to thank, not only the worthy brothers, but also a distinguished Belgian cornetist, Mr. Charles Michiels.

In such a music loving country as this, and especially with the wonderfully improved dispositions of the natives, it would only be

\* It may be well to note here that I consider that one of our best authorities, both on the ancient Hawaiian music, and on the musical propensities of the present natives, ought to be Rev. L. Lyons of Waimea, Hawaii, who has done good service in selecting the best suited European four-part songs and adapting them to native words, forming a most useful repertory for Hawaiian Schools; four volumes I think, have been published, and they have most probably helped to mature the Hawaiian taste for modern music.

justice to have a regular Conservatory of music, as has been suggested, already years ago, by my musical friend, Mr. Wray Taylor. The writer aimed to help this creation by starting, in the Honolulu Library and Reading Rooms, a special department of musical works for reference and for stimulating the taste for reading music; but it is to be regretted that the project did not meet with sufficient public response and appreciation.

I now hope that these notes, however incomplete and perhaps inexact they may be found, will be the cause of some further elucidation on a subject which, in an isolated community like ours, ought to be a still greater source than it is of enjoyment and harmony.

THE END.

## Music Publishers' Weekly List.

### SONGS.

At the Golden Gate ...	...	Seymour Smith ...	Ashdown
Magic Circle, The ...	...	...	...
Our Sires (Patriotic Song) ...	...	W. S. Moore ...	Ambrose

### PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Dorothy (duet) ...	...	Seymour Smith ...	Ashdown
Dreaming ...	...	...	...
Dream of the Olden ...	...	Ramsey ...	...
Grande Marche Militaire ...	...	W. Dobbing ...	Ambrose
Jessie (Morceau de Salon) ...	...	Grace M. Hime ...	...
Scaramouch ...	...	Seymour Smith ...	Ashdown

### VOCAL DUET.

Perfect Dream, A. ...	...	Seymour Smith ...	Ashdown
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### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SUNDAY, August 22 (*Ninth Sunday after Trinity*).—10 a.m.: Service (Boyce), in A; Continuation, Arnold (Offertory for the Westminster Hospital Convalescent Fund); Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 188. 3 p.m.: Service (Arnold), in A; Anthem, "I will mention," No. 709 (Isa. lxxiii. 7), Sullivan); Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 307.

## Notes and News.

### LONDON.

Mr. W. F. Thomas inaugurated his fifth season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden on Saturday night with every sign of success, the building being densely packed from floor to ceiling. On the present occasion the title was anomalous, as perambulation in the usual parts of the house devoted to that purpose was at all times difficult, and progress slow of attainment. The general character of these concerts is too well known to require notice on our part. We may, however, state that Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, conducted by an excellent band, secured a fair performance of various operatic selections, and that Miss Helène Crosmond, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Signor Foli sang familiar ditties, to the unbounded delight of those present. The new valse, "Little Sailors," composed by Mr. Gwyllym Crowe and sung by Mr. Stedman's Choir, struck the audience with such familiar note that they more than once joined in the chorus.

The following dates have been fixed for the Richter Concerts:—Autumn Series, 1886:—Saturday, October 23; Saturday, October 30; Tuesday, November 9. Summer Series, 1887:—Monday, April 25; Monday, May 2; Monday, May 9; Monday, May 16; Monday, May 23; Monday, June 6; Monday, June 13; Monday, June 20; Monday, June 27.

It is stated that, thirty years having expired since the death of Schumann, his works will, according to German law, become public property. It is therefore to be assumed that shortly some very cheap editions will be published in Germany.

### PROVINCIAL.

LLANGOLLEN.—The Llangollen Musical Festival was held yesterday in a marquee seating 1,200 people. The presidents at the three sittings were General Yorke, Captain Best, R.N., and Mr. Gregson Fell. The prize of £30 for the best rendering of a popular Welsh chorus by a choir of at least sixty voices was awarded to the Festiniog Choral Society. Amongst those present were Sir Theodore Martin and Mr. Robert Browning. Sir Theodore Martin, in moving a vote of thanks to the presidents, said it was with pleasure that he saw such a large assemblage in Llangollen to encourage the performers in the parts they had undertaken. Music had to himself been a refreshment and a joy during all his lifetime, and during the later years of his life had been a recreation to him during his working hours. He had been particularly struck with the exceedingly fine music he had heard in some of the competitions. One man that day had attempted a piece far beyond his compass. Now, he thought that no man should attempt anything which he had not the ability to perform, and that principle was especially applicable to singing. Good singing depended upon the circumstances in which the performers were placed, and perhaps it was rather difficult to sing in a tent. He had himself, being a Scotchman, been nursed in ballads. It was a great pleasure to know that they had amongst them one of England's greatest poets—Mr. Robert Browning. (Loud applause.) Mr. Browning was a great lover of music and a judge of it, and had expressed to him the great pleasure he had derived upon hearing such excellent music, and especially on learning that progress had been made in that remote, but lovely neighbourhood. One of their presidents that day had expatiated on Ireland as a musical nation; but he thought that Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen might well greet each other, for they had been nursed in music, and their ballads could not, in his opinion, be excelled. He was most gratified to find that musical culture was advancing in our rural towns and villages.

LIVERPOOL.—On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next there are to be choral competitions at the Liverpool International Exhibition, when Mr. Henry Leslie, Dr. J. Parry, and Mr. Walter Burnett will act as judges. The competition in Class 1 takes place on Monday. The competing choirs are the Liverpool Cambrian Choral Society, the Manchester Philharmonic Choral Society, the Liverpool Caledonian Choral Union, the Burslem Tonic Sol-fa Choir (which did so well at the London competition), and the Nottingham Philharmonic Choir. It is expected that the competition for the day will be over by six o'clock, and the result will be known the same evening. The test piece, a double anthem by Bach, is an extremely difficult composition, and will try severely the merits of the choirs.—The Exhibition is still monopolizing the pleasure-loving public here, to the unbounded disgust of the theatrical managers, who have for the past few weeks had to play to a beggarly account of empty benches. Not that the Exhibition authorities have provided any superlatively attractive programmes, the illuminated grounds prove far more seductive on these tropical nights than superheated theatres. The musical arrangements are still of the most unsatisfactory character, and so far the only item in this department which has not aroused a storm of disapprobation is the engagement of the Blue Hungarian Band; though even this capital little organization is handicapped by being forced to play out of doors, where their crisp performance of light pieces is almost entirely lost, instead of in the large concert hall.—During this week the celebrated band of the Belgian Guides is appearing, but their selections, although they might appeal very strongly to the classes who frequent the Philharmonic Hall, are by no means of the kind desired by the masses who prefer *al fresco* enjoyment. From an artistic point of view, it would be scarcely possible to arrange better programmes, seeing that they include the names of Wagner, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, and Weber; but, as a matter of fact, "The beautiful blue Danube," or "The Better Land," with a cornet solo, is far more likely to prove acceptable than a *Rhapsodie Hongroise* or a *Danse Macabre*. Indoors, too, the committee have been strongly and very justly blamed, for while players of no especial reputation from a distance have been engaged for organ recitals lasting over a fortnight, local players of at least equal powers are insulted by the offer of one guinea for one day's recital of twelve pieces. To the credit of our local men, it is to be said that they have indignantly declined to play at the rate of 1s. 9d. per selection.

NOTTINGHAM.—"Robin Hood and Ye Curtall Fryer" is the title of the open-air play which Mr. Augustin Dawtrey, of Nottingham, has written for performance at Fountain's Abbey on the 27th and 28th inst., on the occasion of the Ripon Millenary Festival. The play is founded on the famous encounter between Robin Hood and Ye Curtall Fryer. Mr. Dawtrey is versatile. He not only acts as director of the play he has written, but has also composed the music for it.

Miss Marion Burton, the principal contralto of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, appeared for the first time as Carmen, at Cork, it is said with considerable success.



A large Eisteddfod was held at Llandilo on the 9th, in a marquee erected in Dynevor Park. For the chief choral competition "We never will bow down" (£40 to the choir and £5 to the conductor), four choirs competed—Llanelly (190), conductor, R. C. Jenkins; Clydach (120), Dd. Alexander; Carmarthen United (132), T. C. Jones, Caerlaw; Neath United (155), John Arnold. The prize was awarded to the Llanelly Choir, whose conductor, Mr. Jenkins, was invested, amidst great enthusiasm, by Lady Dynevor.

The nineteenth annual festival of North Wales choirs was held on the 16th, at Harlech Castle, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Harlech. Numerous town and village choirs from Carnarvonshire, Denbighshire, Cardiganshire, and Merionethshire competed for the great choral prize; and Haydn's *Creation* was performed by the united choirs at the close of the competitions. The ancient castle was crowded by a great audience, special trains being run from various parts of North Wales.

The efforts made by the committee to ensure the success of the Royal National Eisteddfod are unremitting. Arrangements are being made at present to run cheap trains from all parts during the Eisteddfod week, and a reduction in the prices of admission has been decided upon, thus giving all who desire a special opportunity to be present at the national gathering. The last date for entering in all sections of the competitions was August 7. We learn that the secretary has already received a great number of competitions, and that several choirs have entered for the chief choral and other contests. The syllabus of the subjects to be studied for the examinations for degrees may be obtained from the secretary on application. These examinations will take place on Tuesday, September 14, immediately after the morning meeting, the adjudicators being:—Degree of poet, Clwydfardd, Dyfed, and Tremlyn; degree of orate, Isaledd, Gwilym Eryri, and Rev. Evan Jones; degree of musician, David Jenkins, J. H. Roberts, and W. J. Williams. In the Penillion singing competitions (adjudicator, Idris Vychan) numerous entries are expected. The competitors are desired to adhere strictly to the printed rules in entering for the various competitions, in order to avoid error and confusion.

#### FOREIGN.

COPENHAGEN, August 6.—The celebrated dance-music composer, Philip Fahrbach, is here at present. He conducts compositions of his own in Tivoli, and attracts a large audience every night. With his lively, elegant dances, and his energetic way of conducting, he has become a favourite of the Copenhagen public.—The young Norwegian singer, Miss Arnoldson, is here with the *impresario* Strakotch, jun. She will soon give concerts at Klampenborg (watering-place).—Madame Feilberg-Lassen was lately engaged to sing at three concerts at Klampenborg. As it was the first time she appeared before a Danish audience since her return from Paris, she was received with no end of applause and heaps of flowers, and called back to the stage four or five times after each number. She sang airs and songs by Wagner, Gounod, Meyerbeer, and Faure; and gave besides as *encores*, Swedish, Russian, Finnish, and Danish *Volkslieder*. The orchestra was conducted by Herr Capellmeister Stockmarr.—On Saturday last, Madame Feilberg-Lassen gave a very successful concert at Ramlosa, in Sweden. She was assisted by the first-rate pianist, Herr Wolfgang-Hausen, and the celebrated Hungarian orchestra from Budapest, conducted by Mr. L. Weisz. Madame Feilberg-Lassen will soon leave Denmark.

MILAN, August 13.—Last night *I Lituani*, by Amilcare Ponchielli, was performed with great success at the Teatro Grande in the old historic town of Brescia. This beautiful work had been given ten years ago at the Dal Verme at Milan, and last year it was taken to St. Petersburg. Many members of the high life of Milan and Brescia were present at the opera, besides our chief maestri and notabilities. There is no time for more than a brief report this week; a further letter will follow with other details.—G. A. MANZONI.

NEW YORK, August 7.—To the list of singers who have been engaged for the German Opera is now added the name of the great veteran tenor, Niemann. No wonder that the third season promises well for the Metropolitan Opera House, and that the subscriptions are in excess of what they were last year at the same time. *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, and *The Walküre* are likely to be chosen for Herr Niemann's appearances.—The Milwaukee Festival is now over. The prize Cantata, *Columbus*, by Herr Brambach, is written for a chorus of male voices, with solos for tenor and baritone. It is well harmonized and effective, and at one point called forth enthusiastic cheers from the audience, who had risen *en masse*. It is a misfortune that the text is from the German, and has suffered much in the translation. Mr. Bird's suite for orchestra is written in the manner of the modern French school. Whether the American mind trained in Germany would generally develop itself in this direction

is a consideration which belongs to the researches of a musical Darwin. The final concert was attended by 10,000 persons.—The Thomas concert of August 5, at Chicago, was devoted to a performance in memory of Liszt, whose death has excited much regret in America, although he had never visited this continent. Mr. Thomas had obtained the score of *The Lament of a Hero* from Liszt's own hands, when he saw the master in Germany a few years ago. This work was performed for the first time on the 5th.

PARIS, August 15.—*La Favorita* has been added to last week's *répertoire* at the Opéra, and has been admirably given by the comparatively young and inexperienced singers who form the cast in the absence of the stars of the company. The *Ménestrel* points out that the strangers who visit Paris at this season can gather no correct idea of the culture of the opera in Paris from the performances which are offered in the summer time at the Opéra, however meritoriously the less known members of the company may work together in supplying the places of the artists of greater reputation who, as well as M. Gailhard, are taking their holiday during the dull season. M. Ritt has now returned.—There is nothing remarkable in the *Servante de Ramponneau* just produced at the Opéra Populaire. The music is by M. Carman, till lately an officer in the Belgian army, and this little opera, to words by M. Rodembourg, is probably his first attempt at dramatic writing. Madame Noelly is not so happily suited with her part as the disguised duchess as she was with *La petite Fadette*, at this house recently.—M. Ambrose Thomas has written some incidental music for *Hamlet*, at the *Comédie Française*.—M. Duprato, professor of harmony at the Conservatoire and composer, has been made Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur, at the instance, it is said, of General Boulanger, whom a portion of the press hopes soon to see presiding over the Beaux Arts.—Every detail concerning Madame Alboni's recent performance in public, at Aix-les-Bains, is of interest. The songs chosen were, "Ah, se tu dormi svegliati," by Vaccaj; the andante of the air, "O mio Fernando," out of *La Favorita*; and Beethoven's "In questa tomba," in response to the enthusiastic recalls. Among the bouquets lavished upon the great contralto were some presented by the employés of the bathing establishment.

The following details of the last illness of Franz Liszt are taken from the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* of August 12:—It appears that Liszt had been in excellent health while assisting at his grand-daughter's wedding on the fourth of July. He started for Luxemburg on the following day, and from that time suffered from repeated colds which were followed by a bronchial attack; in this condition he arrived at Bayreuth on the 21st for the festival. The cough in the meantime became less troublesome, and Liszt was able to attend the first two performances. In the night of the 25th to 26th he became very restless, and the doctor next morning feared an outbreak of fever and inflammation of the right lung. The patient was confined to his bed and kept perfectly quiet, and another physician was called in consultation. The symptoms were at first not very alarming, but gradually increased, and on Saturday night, the 31st of July, the whole of the right lung was inflamed. The medical treatment had been directed to keeping up the strength and the action of the heart, which till then had been satisfactorily maintained; the patient was conscious, though frequently delirious. It was evident a crisis was at hand, and signs of a favourable turn were eagerly looked for; but at eight in the evening the symptoms of sinking showed themselves, and the action of the heart grew weaker. In vain every means was taken to revive the pulsations; at night, about half-past eleven, the breathing ceased, and death ensued most peacefully. Indeed, during the whole illness no particular physical pain had been evident.

M. Saint-Saëns has lately been the hero of an ovation at Aix-la-Chapelle. At the annual concert given by the conductor Wenigmann, the following works by Saint-Saëns were given:—"La danse Macabre" and "Le Rouet d'Omphale," conducted by the composer; the Second Concerto, the composer, of course, taking the pianoforte part; a new *valse caprice* called "Wedding Cake," for piano and strings, dedicated to Madame Montigny-Rémaury; the "Rapsodie d'Auvergne," for piano and orchestra; and the new Symphony for piano, organ and orchestra, which had been performed at the London Philharmonic Concerts.

The musical competition at Verviers brought out some choral pieces which rivalled those lately produced at St. Gall in dramatic realism; amongst them, M. Wouter's *Le Retour des proscrits*, with a prayer and a storm introduced, was treated very effectively. *La Tempête*, by M. Radoux; and *La Mer*, by M. Kefer, were amongst other successful compositions.

The changes which have been spoken of as pending in the management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels do not involve reductions in the chorus and orchestra; it is more likely that these will be increased, as another 15,000 francs has been added to the grant by the Communal Council.

German musical papers state that the number of Liszt's known compositions is 647. Of these, 63 are orchestral works, 33 being transcriptions for the orchestra of other compositions; 517 are for the pianoforte, 300 being transcriptions; 20 are compositions for the organ, and 39 vocal. Shortly before setting out on his last tour he composed two Csardas, which will be published by the Hungarian House of Tsborszky.

Madame Christine Nilsson is now the Countess Angel de Miranda. She was married quietly in a Paris Mayoralty, and has gone with her husband and step-daughter, who has been for some time her lady companion, to Spain to pass the honeymoon and to see her mother-in-law, who was the governess of Queen Mercedes, and one of her bed-chamber ladies. Señor Angel de Miranda was attached to the Spanish Embassy here when the Marquis de Molins was Ambassador. He was greatly liked by his colleagues.

Mr. Daniel Simpson, the oldest drum player in the world, died at Boston, July 28, aged 96. He, at the age of nine, played the drum at Washington's funeral in 1799. In 1822 he opened a tavern, but afterwards founded several military bands.

A new opera by Herr Hagen, entitled *Marfa*, is now in rehearsal at the Vienna Opera, and will be performed for the first time on the 4th of October.

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